The Commonweal

March 21, 1952

The Virtuous Temptation: Our Reluctant Allies

George N. Shuster

A French View of German Rearmament

Robert Barrat

VICTOR WHITE • JOHN C. CORT • JEROME SMILEY
ANNE FREMANTLE • WILLIAM H. KERRIGAN

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Lattimore Testimony

TODAY, even with the advantages of hindsight, it is extremely difficult to say what the United States should have done about China. What has resulted from our policy there —and from other factors for which we were not primarily responsible—is calamitous. We have put down one major attempt to subjugate the Far East only to permit a potentially greater threat to spring up. But considering the state of China from 1935 on, the United States could hardly have prevented what has happened—especially in view of the national temper and our commitments elsewhere.

In reaction to the fable that Mao and his men were simple "agrarian reformers" we have reached the opposite extreme. The American people now view the Chinese Communists as nothing but a band of terrorists who have extended their sway by naked force alone. And in this way we misread the dynamism of Chinese and other Communism, ignore the Marxist program and forget the impact of its social and political message in a land chronically harried by universal suffering and notorious misgovernment.

For it was the internal weakness of the Chiang regime and its lack of genuine popular support that enabled Mao to triumph. It was not a deficiency in American aid nor our misreading of the character and aims of the Chinese Communists that was primarily responsible for our loss.

At the time there were a number of disinterested students of the Far East who discerned Chiang's fatal weaknesses and the explosive force that Mao and his men had been building up for over a decade deep in the Chinese interior. What steps were then open to us? If full-scale American intervention was impossible, as everyone must admit, the choice was either to support the Moscow-trained and Moscow-backed Chinese Communists and somehow win them over to our side, or to bring about some sort of coalition. Either solution was desperate; either promised little hope of success. The third idea, of dividing China between Chiang and Mao—which had its own disadvantages with Japan already on the march—apparently had little to recommend it.

In other words our position in China in the decade preceding the Japanese surrender was all but hopeless. Things there were already out of hand. Therefore to lay Mao's victory at the door of our State Department, to declaim in irresponsible fashion that the Communists would not be where they are today in China but for Administration policies in the past fifteen years, is nonsense. There were plenty of mistakes at Yalta and elsewhere but the die was already cast.

What the McCarran Committee is trying to prove, then, is of distinctly limited interest and use. And it is in such a context that the voluminous testimony of Owen J. Lattimore must be viewed.

The shortcomings of the committee he is facing, however, do not in themselves exonerate Professor Lattimore, a most able witness when it comes to self-defense. He seems to thrive on challenges; he gives back better than he gets. His device of blaming faulty memory of what transpired over a decade ago supplies a plausible defense against well-documented inconsistencies.

But why does Professor Lattimore profess to know so little about Communism? Can the author of so many books and articles touching on the subject really be so innocent? There was an interval, to be sure, when Soviet Russia was a full-fledged military ally, but there were also the Hitler-Stalin pact and the sorry postwar period. And the witness' explicit sympathies appear to have been consistently with the USSR all along. This is not to cry treason but to explain why Lattimore is wide open to attack.

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Batista's Back

WHEN Fulgencio Batista seized power in Cuba eighteen and a half years ago, he did so in the name of "law and order." He was a young sergeant then. This time a general, he has done it again, and his pretext is to forestall a rival military coup. He immediately called off the impending June 1 elections and robbed the Cuban electorate of the right to choose their leaders.

General Batista has a number of political virtues. As a strong man he provides periods of stable government; he gets things done. He has had credit for raising wages, building schools and hospitals and generally improving things in Cuba. He has shown himself to be a friend of the United States when the chips are down.

Yet we do not welcome his accession. We do not relish his resort to violence, his unwillingness to accept the popular will. We regret that the army has again been injected so dramatically into Cuban political life.

In these days of modern arms and transport, centralized communications and the like, revolution from within is increasingly hard to engineer. Unless it is done by means of the army, that element of such exaggerated importance in the Spanish-speaking countries. So long as the army holds the keys to effective control, it will keep in power regimes that are corrupt, bring on puppets of its own and generally deprive the citizenry of political power and civil rights.

Shaming Relief Clients

WHEN Indiana decided to make public the names of its relief recipients a year ago, "chiselers" were the target. Social workers opposed the idea but the state's representatives in Congress went ahead and got an amendment passed that enabled Indiana to take this step and still qualify for federal relief funds.

Maurice O. Hunt, state relief administrator, now reports that it has all been in vain. Relief rolls have not been reduced as sharply as in several other states. Whatever chiselers there were are still there. The few citizens who did request that their names be withdrawn before the lists were made public were primarily needy old people who gave up state assistance out of a sense of shame.

A man who believes the world owes him a living is hardly to be deterred from accepting support for fear his status will be publicly known. And the great public seldom has enough solicitude for the government's purse to bring undeserving relief clients to heel. Everybody's business is nobody's business—even when we are dimly aware that our own income taxes are affected.

But the main objection to publishing of the names of men and women on relief is not that the process is ineffective. It is rather the stigma brought upon families that find themselves in need of assistance often without fault of their own. And even those who have fallen behind in the American competitive struggle—because of lack of talent or character or psychological difficulties—will be all the more harassed and weakened by being stigmatized.

Ever since the upheavals of the thirties demonstrated that prolonged unemployment frequently comes from giant economic forces against which the individual breadwinner is powerless, there has been a change in attitude toward relief. Social security has come along, and aid from the State in time of need has come to be regarded more and more as a basic right. But if some Americans no longer are ashamed to accept a dole, there are many others who are. Take, for instance, the many boys and girls who would have difficulty holding up their heads at school, where classmates are notoriously, if half-consciously, cruel, if everyone knew that they and their families were wards of the State.

So, before this inane idea goes any further, let legislators in other states take heed of the welfare board's experience in Indiana. Let them go after the chiselers in some other, more human, way.

Prisoners of War

THE Korean truce talks still drag along. One of the key issues on which the negotiators can reach no agreement is that of repatriation of prisoners of war. The emissaries on the Communist side insist on complete repatriation of all PW's in the hands of UN forces. Our representatives at the truce table are equally adamant, insisting that the prisoners we hold must be given a free choice as to whether or not they will return.

In any international negotiations where the power is not all on one side, a certain amount of give-and-take is a practical necessity. Otherwise there would be no point in the negotiations. In such instances, our negotiators simply make the best deal possible under the circumstances.

Bargaining in this fashion, as we are in Korea, we may have to abandon one position in order to gain some other advantage. To a large extent the

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agreement eventually reached in this manner will not be completely satisfactory to either side, expressing as it must the unwilling accomodations made by each to the power of the other side.

The question of forced repatriation of prisoners, however, is not one that can be classified in this category of desirable but still expendable bargaining points. In the name of the United Nations we have repeatedly called for individuals serving with the Communist forces to cross into our lines, pledging our protection to those who sought sanctuary in this fashion. Many of those who responded to our invitations to surrender have publicly repudiated the Communist leaders now in complete control of their country. Many, indeed, have since their surrender become converts to the Christian faith.

It is not difficult to imagine the fate of such prisoners if we surrender them against their will to the Communist police power. For us to do so would amount to a gross betrayal of our own moral position in the struggle between freedom and slavery. In addition, and very practically, such betrayal would put an end to any chance we have of encouraging individual defections among those whose countries have been caught in the Soviet web. For us to agree to such a proposal would be unthinkable.

Segregation in the Schools

SEGREGATION in Southern public schools is coming under increasingly heavy attack, and it now seems only a matter of time until the entire issue will be aired before the Supreme Court. In many states suits have already been filed which challenge the entire principle of segregation in tax-supported schools. With the stakes in such contests so high, neither side will be content to abide by the decisions of lower courts. Eventually there will have to be an authoritative ruling on the constitutionality of this Southern practice.

Feelings on the issue run high in the South. How high is indicated by the statements of men like former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, now Governor of South Carolina. Rather than allow Negro and white children to be educated together, South Carolina will follow almost any evasive action that seems feasible. If the Supreme Court rules against the South, present plans in South Carolina call for some expedient like leasing the schools outright to private organizations. These non-official groups would then continue the system of segregated education now in force.

Steps like this represent last-ditch measures. In the meantime the South is pinning its hopes on the principle of "separate but equal" facilities for both races. School facilities for Negroes in most of the South, however, have never been anywhere near equality. In tacit admission of this fact, some Southern states are now making frantic efforts to bring Negro schools up to par. To keep their "separate but equal" claims from being laughed out of court, they are trying to squeeze decades of neglected construction and modernization into a few short years.

Critics of a segregated public school system will not be satisfied with equal but still separate facilities, even in the unlikely event that the South is able to translate the myth into brick-and-mortar reality. They say that segregation in itself, regardless of other factors, constitutes discrimination. With that judgment we agree. Meanwhile the sums being expended on improvement of educational facilities for Negroes in the South, however tardy the move, is money well spent.

Progress Abroad

IN THE midst of concern over day-to-day problems in the international sphere, it is easy to lose sight of the distance we have already traveled. Tax-conscious members of Congress in particular have lately become increasingly critical of what they consider the snail-like pace of Western Europe toward the goal of common defense. It remained for Paul R. Porter, director of the European office of Mutual Security Administration, to point out the achievements of the recent past.

"I am convinced," Mr. Porter said, "that the free countries of Europe and North America are justified in facing the future with considerably more confidence than at any time in our post-war history."

Mr. Porter's restrained optimism seems quite justifiable. From the threat of general economic collapse in 1947, industrial production in Western Europe has today gone up sixty-one percent and food production twenty-four percent. In both categories production today is well above pre-war levels.

The problem now is one of raising the total national output to permit the necessary heavy defense production without pulling the props completely out from under the European worker's never-high standard of living. This will not be an easy task. But the difficulty ahead of us should not blind us to the tremendous task that has been accomplished. If there is no place for unreasoned optimism, there is also no reason to make light of the great progress Western Europe has already made.

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Disabilities in Spain

IT IS HARD to see how an American, whatever his faith, can approve of religious disabilities, wherever they are found. The citizen of this country should have learned the meaning and value of religious liberty, if nowhere else than from his own experience with it. As an American and a believer in democracy he is opposed to such restrictions, almost by profession. Whether at the level of political principle, or of devotion to the idea of personal freedom which this country stands for in the world, or even at the merely emotional level, the American finds himself lined up on the side of religious liberty.

There is such a thing as thinking like an American, reacting like an American, having the emotional reflexes which might be expected from one who has grown up in this country, enjoyed its liberties and lived by its ideals. There is such a thing as being an American, not only in the head but in the heart and the belly—and it is here where any thought that there are people in the world burdened with state disabilities on matters of religion and worship hits first and hits hardest. We enjoy religious liberty in this country. We approve of it and we live by it. It has meant a great deal to us, as individuals and as distinct groups in American life. The idea has strengthened our national life, not weakened it. It has helped to create the political climate in which our churches grew healthy and strong. It has meant, among other things, that Christians have not found it necessary to add a fourth force, the state, to the world, the flesh and the devil.

Catholics especially, with our school system, our chain of convents, monasteries, seminaries and universities, with our busy parishes and freedom to serve God as we know He wants to be served, have benefited immensely from the idea of religious liberty. We are a distinct minority in the United States, and every church, every school, every convent or monastery is a monument to the freedom we have enjoyed, the benefits we have gained from the American concept of religious liberty. Every Catholic publication in this country stands witness to our gain. If you ask an American what he thinks of religious disabilities, the answer is brief and to the point: he doesn't like them.

Someone will say that Spain is not the United States. There, you have an almost homogeneous nation with a culture distinctly Catholic and a completely different concept of Church-State relationship. When Cardinal Segura of Seville warns against a growing state "benevolence" towards Protestants and a tendency on the part of the Franco government to lift restrictions on Protestant worship (due to the influence of the United States), he is talking of Spain, not the United States. So be it. One knows that the American idea of complete religious liberty has not reached all over the world. One knows that it is still not a political doctrine in Protestant Sweden any more than in Catholic Spain, although Swedish disabilities have recently been eased. But if one is an American and thinks and feels like an American, he is grieved to see any religious group anywhere suffer religious disabilities. He can not wholeheartedly support a concept of government founded on religious intolerance, however airtight the logical case that might be made for it. If the American's government has an influence on other governments he is happy that it is in the direction of religious liberty. He wishes, in fact, that his government had more influence in that direction—on the Soviet, Poland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia.

It might be said that a Catholic country is different. An error-has-no-rights case can be made for the position. A Constantinian concept of Church-State liaison may be invoked. But the American who has come to believe in, not just benefit by, the American system will not for that reason abandon the idea he lives by in this country. If he has any influence in the world this will be its direction.

Cardinal Segura is undoubtedly moved by a Catholic concept of Church-State relationship. A Catholic concept, not *the* Catholic concept. If it were *the* Catholic concept, then Mr. Blanshard's darkest fears would be justified.

As Americans and as Catholics—better, as American Catholics—our sympathies are with those who suffer the disabilities. Perhaps they would not be had we been formed within the Spanish system, brought up on the Spanish idea of the role of the State in the life of the Church and the role of the Church in the life of the State. We realize that. But here we are, and we are Americans, with the belief of Americans in the idea of religious liberty. All our experience in this country where, as Catholics, we have been able to see things from the viewpoint of a minority, leads us to believe that neither Church nor State has anything to gain from religious persecution. All our experience places us in sympathy with those who would grant more "benevolence" and move toward the lifting of state-enforced disabilities.

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The Virtuous Temptation

"If our side could only tell the other side what to do—does not this idea haunt a free society?"

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

SOON it will be two hundred years since Robespierre died; and if we assume that prior to that date the active career of Stalin will have ended, a short period of history is identifiable with upheavals the like of which this earth has surely never seen. What among them all is more startling than the rise and fall of revolutionary Reason? For the intellectuals who rose against Louis and his pretty Queen nothing seemed more definitive than the logic and the knowledge of a new generation of social scientists who had ushered in a progress assured by the nature of the universe.

This certainly was questioned during the ensuing century but the time-spirit resolutely upheld it. It is true that the Marxist considered the rate of progress too slow and by substituting Hegel for Rousseau and Voltaire greatly altered the philosophical conception of the sources from which advancement presumably flowed. Nevertheless the process of thought was the same. Man had only to wait consciously for the inevitable working out of the law of nature in order to reach his goal.

But at the present time the West has departed radically from its recent confidence in all this, so that the heir to the shrine of reason is Russian Marxism, which is a commitment to a blind faith. The devotees of this creed do not accept it on grounds which would have been recognized as valid by the Socialists of the nineteenth century or by their forebears. They are dependent instead upon a deviousness of argument and a naive reliance on feeling which a revolutionary classicist like Bruno Bauer or Karl Kautsky would have scorned.

If one has talked not merely with educated converts from the "system" but also with simple disillusioned folk who now stream into the West, one can begin to grasp the unrestrained amazement of people who realize that both the premises and the conclusions of their erstwhile creed are gone. Not merely had the dialectic indicated that a pact with Hitler would make the Kremlin heir to a defeated Germany, but it had also established beyond doubt that "capitalism" could not survive the year 1948. Yes, it had also proved such a dire truth as that the "classless society" was in actuality a state which ground twenty million slaves—probably even more than twenty million—to death in ghastly concentration camps. And so on, to the tragic, dreary, blood-curdling end of the almost unending indictment.

This does not, however, mean that the Communist's faith is without a rationalistic apologetic. Defense and advocacy alike are derived from the counterattack against what may be termed the "free world," "capitalism," or "the West."

The United States in particular is cast in a role very similar to that assigned by an emerging Protestantism to the Papacy. All the sins of an erstwhile predatory capitalism are attributed to this great Apocalyptic Beast of the West; and there is literally no deviltry of which mankind is capable, from the dropping of potato bugs to the encouragement of the white slave traffic, which is not chalked up against the "Yankee imperialist."

Whether any Kremlin propagandist actually believes all this is beside the point. The listener is expected to do so, and it must be conceded that he often does. For there is always some truth in the assertion—some real weakness in the West, some smudge of fact or circumstance. One can only say that the tireless industry with which this campaign of vilification is carried on must have its source in some conviction, either ideological or imperialistic, and that as always a conviction must be taken seriously. In it the Goddess of Reason is reborn, not now as a deity-symbol for belief in preordained progress but assuredly as the genius presiding over a critical maneuver having roots in the profound subconscious of Western man.

A FREE world is by definition an imperfect world. People living in it can choose between good and evil. Some of them prefer wickedness, either through intent or by reason of darkened understanding of reality. Unfortunately

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also, not all who elect goodness have the persistence to assist it while it is emerging from the concept in which it must of necessity initially be enshrined, or the wisdom to comprehend either its possibilities or its limitations. And so very many modern citizens tend toward two beliefs—first, that the sum-total of effective goodness in any free society will necessarily always be tragically limited; and, second, that accordingly a limitation of liberty through government exercised by those who know and desire the good would probably be advantageous.

These beliefs are inevitably more prevalent among those who for personal or intellectual or spiritual reasons are most conscious of the evil which is unavoidably present in a free society. Such folk are not likely to be influenced greatly by the argument that even were the free society more criminal than it is, it would still be better than some kind of Platonist Republic. For they think they could usher in goodness, and they resent that they are powerless to do so.

It is important to admit frankly that all of us in greater or lesser degree are tempted to adopt such a point of view. That fact and not the achievements of the Soviet State accounts for the success of Communist propaganda, even as it does for the temporary triumph of Nazism. If our side could only tell the other side what to do—does not this idea haunt a free society?

I need not add that such a temptation is far more powerful in a time which has so largely ceased to believe in the immortality of the soul. Gretchen, in *Faust,* could look forward to the transformation of her plight and guilt into the gift of everlasting forgiveness. But if a man is sure that such goodness as is at all attainable must come into being on this earth, then he will hoard his bit of capital with anxiety. Yet even when he is an ardent believer in the promise of everlasting life a man can, as we all know, array himself on the side of the totalitarians.

By way of illustration let me present two Christian critics of the West. The first is the great, turbulent, truculent French Catholic, Léon Bloy. There is scarcely a more ardent critic of the "capitalist" society. He was a desperately poor intellectual, and so had personal reasons for being in the opposition. It has been urged that if he had emulated Charles Lamb and qualified for a job in a counting house he would have persuaded the wolf to depart from his door, and thereafter eschewed many a bit of vitriolic prose. But Bloy was fond of his vocation as a religious writer. The fact that so many clerics who were, in his opinion, sanctimonious bureaucrats dined regularly on filets mignons while he was hard pressed to come by a bowl of soup filled him with wrathful speculations about the fun he would have on Judgment Day.

Yet let us note well that Bloy, spokesman for impoverished millions who were fed neither with the Word nor with bread, never permitted himself to maintain that the wickedness present in the free society he knew, was an argument against freedom. Freedom was the very cornerstone of his faith; and though he sometimes indulged in wrathful anticipations of how God would judge the use men made of their liberty he would have been the last to take away the mysterious and awful greatness conferred upon them by Him.

THE second illustration is the Protestant Karl Barth, a controversial figure in contemporary Switzerland. He is the intellectual leader of a considerable number of religious thinkers in Western Europe who refuse to repudiate Stalinism. The Russian dictator, says Barth, cannot be put into the same class with "charlatans" like Hitler (against whom Barth once unleashed a vitriolic attack) because the task which has been tackled by his government, "though undertaken with dirty and bloody hands, in a manner which often fills us with righteous indignation," is nevertheless the solution of the "social question," which we "with our clean hands have not yet tackled with anything like the requisite energy."

The negative attitude of the West toward Communism then can only become Christian when "we all have a better conscience in this regard" and seek to solve the social problem "with the same energy as is being made manifest in Moscow." In short, Barth infers, it is not possible for a free society to repudiate a totalitarian order, no matter how criminal, until the free society itself has stopped the interplay of good and evil and has fully achieved the victory of the first. And although Barth has not publicly ventured so far, many of his followers declare that military or ideological resistance to Communism is unethical in the circumstances. To be sure, there is in all this some eagerness to take up at all costs a position antithetical to that of the Vatican. But at bottom it is clear that Barth has succumbed to the temptation—against which Bloy was immune—to view the surrender of freedom as unimportant because this freedom does not adequately insure the victory of goodness.

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NO wonder that an American is often inclined to shake his head uncomprehendingly. If even a theologian of great ability cannot see the peril of Moscow, what shall we expect of the ordinary European citizen? We are so conscious of American achievements for the common man and so painfully aware of the sacrifices we have made to help other peoples that this sort of hedging is likely to seem an inexplicable insult.

Look at it this way. After our propagandists have pointed out that in Alton workers have cars and bathtubs while Moscow toilers cannot even get new shoes, we hear the rest of free mankind asking why they don't have cars and bathtubs, too. We hasten to give them some through Marshall Plans and Point Four Programs. And of course the money gets scattered about unevenly and a host of Léon Bloys bob up as a result. They utter nasty sentences when we drive our Cadillacs through a maze of second-hand bicycles. But if you listen hard and intently you can hear something else, too—the song of the children who have been born in freedom and whose parents know they have a chance because of us.

If I had any advice to give—and I am not sure I have—it would be this. Suppose we learn how to talk humanly, intellectually and spiritually with the peoples to whom, with such effort, we have been giving security. Suppose we admitted once in a while that they too, despite the fact that they did not have the opportunity to graduate from Hunter or Harvard, were cultivated people terribly distressed and wretchedly sinful (even as we are) but still anxious to light candles in the world. Would we not then, having made sure that our powder was quite dry and our eyes clear, find a way to build a community of the West inside which freedom and goodness would be better companions than they now are? I am afraid that we often try to make converts where we should seek to find friends. It seems to me that we broadcast too much and listen too little. Sometimes I fear we get so little joy for the money we give away because we do not give it joyfully. There may be too little of a blessing on what we do because we do not ask a blessing.

Can it be that we cast our bread upon the waters rather than sow wheat from the fruit of which bread might sometime be baked? Even so, God be praised for what we are and what we have tried. Nobody who has seen us abroad at our worst but knows what louts we can be. But nobody who has seen us at our best can ever doubt the privilege of being an American.

CHALLENGES TO RELIGION: III

Frazer and Comparative Religion

By VICTOR WHITE

PERHAPS Sir James George Frazer's own theories about the origin and development of religion hardly constitute a present-day challenge of any sort. There is ample evidence that he grew increasingly dissatisfied with them himself, and few students of the subject today would care to subscribe to them as adequate to account for all the facts—even for all the facts which he himself collected, let alone the enormous quantity which has been gathered since his time.

It is not, however, Frazer's own theories in particular, or even his own findings, that I propose to discuss. I take his name rather as a symbol, as that of the leading representative of the widespread dissemination of the comparative study of religion. Comparative religion was studied before Frazer, and it has been studied since. Yet it was Frazer's great work, more than any other, which aroused the interest of non-specialists. Jane Harrison recalls how, "Among my own contemporaries J. G. Frazer was soon to light the dark world of savage superstition with a gleam from *The Golden Bough*. The happy title of that great book . . . made it arrest the attention of scholars . . . Tylor had written and spoken; Robertson Smith had seen the Star in the East; in vain; we classical deaf-adders stopped our ears and closed our eyes; but at the mere sound of the magical words 'Golden Bough' the scales fell—we heard and understood."

But it was not only to classical scholars that Frazer's work opened new worlds; and soon it was to become common knowledge that the beliefs and practices of Christian Europe were by no means so peculiar and unique as had been commonly assumed. A nodding acquaintance, at least, with other people's religions, became part of the equipment of any educated man. Even if books like Frazer's *The Golden Bough* had not enthralled him, he could hardly escape hearing about them. The study of religions can be a very potent solvent of religion, and perhaps no

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Rev. Victor White, O.P., contributes to Blackfriars and other English publications.

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other field of inquiry has been quite so effective in spreading religious skepticism and bewilderment amongst us.

THE museum is perhaps the perfect expression and symbol of the predicament in which modern Western Man finds himself. His power and wealth have made him the heir of the earth, of the spoils of countless temples; but the inheritance seems only to undermine his own certainties, the very certainties which are the foundation of his own culture.

The museum of a hundred years ago was less disturbing, more digestible; for (as André Malraux has reminded us) its exhibits were strictly limited by the canons of contemporary academic taste. But now those canons have themselves become a joke, and we despise the squeamishness of our parents' stomachs.

Belvedere Apollos alongside tortured Gothic crucifixes, animal heads on human torsos from Egypt, bearded human heads on animal bodies from Assyria, crude herms and exquisite Renaissance madonnas, placid Buddhas, furiously dancing Shivas, voluptuous Shaktis, fearsome 'wrathful deities' from Tibet, plumed serpents from Mexico, many-headed totem-poles from Alaska, elongated enigmas from darkest Africa—Western Man has collected them all, labeled them, displayed them, and they set him wondering. All these, he knows, have aroused in fellow-human beings, awe and devotion; a faith perhaps far more fervent than his own in the Christianity he has inherited. Fantastic and even revolting though many of these images may sometimes appear, it seems an intolerable arrogance to claim that one 'faith' is true, the others false.

The average man has no time to study and compare them all, and, should he do so, what are to be his standards of assessment? If he is able to leave the museum's showcases, to browse in the library, he will perhaps be more confused and bewildered than ever. He will find that the material collected by scholars from archeology, anthropology and history, about the religious beliefs and customs of mankind, are even more vast, more baffling in their strange variety and no less strange similarities, than he had supposed. And he will find the theories of the learned who have tried to co-ordinate this material, still more conflicting and confusing.

He probably does not reflect that the museum, by the very fact of being a museum, has falsified the whole situation. In tearing its exhibits from their contexts in church or temple or mosque, it has removed them from any religious function they could fulfil. They have been deprived of the principal quality with which, consciously or unconsciously, their makers endowed them, and which the worshipper met in them: they have become precisely exhibits—no longer subjects which we encounter, but objects which we consider.

To use Martin Buber's language, they have been transposed from the world of *Thou* into the world of *It,* and become things which we can perhaps express in the third person, but no longer address in the second. Thereby they have become non-religious, abstractions from the total religious situation.

The confusion is enhanced by the fact that, not only has each been removed from its shrine, but by being set alongside other 'specimens,' each has lost that absolute claim to unconditional allegiance which is inseparable from religion. The position of the visitor to the museum is correspondingly distorted: his relationship is not that of the worshipper, but of the spectator, the detached onlooker, the uncommitted impartial judge.

What is true of the casual stroller through a museum is at least no less so of the serious student of religious history. Indeed the more he aims at detached scientific observation and exact correlation of data, the further must he be removed from the attitude of the religious man. And the more we learn to share his point of view, without realizing the distortion, the more must religion itself tend to wither away.

BUT this is not at all to say that the religious phenomena of mankind are an illegitimate field for scientific inquiry. It is an inquiry which has advanced immeasurably since Frazer's day, not only in the accumulation of data, but also in strictness of method and appreciation of its own limitations. The fever to stress similarities at the expense of difference, to reduce all religions to one common origin or denominator, to "explain" its epiphenomena in terms of something else: all these are outmoded.

The late G. van der Leeuw's "Phenomenological" approach, the work of Mircea Eliade and Karl Kerényi, W.K.C. Guthrie's *The Greeks and Their Gods* —each in its very different way testifies to the growth of a more self-critical treatment, all the more scientifically objective for its stress on the subjective response of the worshipper, and indeed of the student also. It is even becoming questionable, no longer whether the religious believer is too prejudiced to attain the requisite scientific detachment for the study of religions, but whether anyone else can attain the requisite involvement.

But the fact remains that the over-all effect has been detrimental to religious faith and practice in our society, and a very serious factor in its moral disintegration, and in the individual's sense of bewilderment and insecurity. It is all the more acute because it is accompanied by an unprecedented realization of the need for one world-religion that will bind mankind in a common brotherhood, in the acknowledgment of one Lord and Father.

What is the remedy? The way of syncretism, such as we read of under the Roman Empire, in which protean local divinities merge into one another, is no longer open to us for whom polytheism is inadmissible. The facile wishful-thinking that declares all religions one and the same, may contain some elusive element of truth, but it is belied by the most indisputable findings of comparative religion itself, for these increasingly testify to their differences and contradictions.

The aspiration for some agreed syllabus, an artificial formula for extracting the quintessence of all religions, to be negotiated by some world-conference of all faiths, can only be entertained by these who are ignorant of

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history, of human nature, of religion itself. A generalized religion, with no roots in the particular, is an intellectual abstraction, and no religion at all, for it is incapable of being put into practice.

But the challenge to the professing Christian should be evident. It is idle for him to lament what is happening, futile to ignore it. The situation I have tried to describe is the ineluctable destiny of Western man, the providential chaos in which the Christian should see the workings of the Spirit to form a new cosmos.

He must believe and proclaim his Christ, not just as the hope of Israel, or as the white man's God, or as the tutelary of a self-contained Christendom which no longer exists—but proclaim Him as the desire of all the nations as well. Already he professes to believe it: comparative religion may well serve him in coming to understand it and make it real.

Museums and the science of religions will not deceive him into mistaking abstract universals for genuine catholicity. He will know that this cannot be had without the particular, localized historical continuity, which his creed calls apostolicity. No more than any other human activity can religion be exercised except in the concrete particular, and the Christian's very "scandal of particularity" equips him, as no other is equipped, to proclaim the unity of all mankind with all its diversity in one Son with one Father in the love and power of one Spirit.

IT IS no new Gospel, no streamlined "new apologetic," that the modern has to preach, but the original witness to "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of *all*"—the testimony to the "unknown God" latent in all other gods "ignorantly worshipped."

The cares of building a self-contained "Christian city" on earth, with its inevitable bulwarks and bastions, and in which even Christian missions have sometimes assumed the character of colonizations, have perhaps distracted us from our world mission, and obscured our view of Christianity's own responsibility to so-called other religions—a mission not to destroy, but to fulfill. For if the acquaintance with religions is a solvent of religion, it is no less true that the Christian religion dissolves the multiplicity of religions.

Saint Augustine said that the coming of Christ, the divine word of healing in human flesh, spelled the end of religions—in the plural—for they all unknowingly sought what Christ embodies, and He fulfills them all. The Christian can meet our present predicament only by reaffirming that ancient faith which should be his own, but perhaps with the better equipment which the scientific study of religions offers him.

NEXT WEEK—

KARL MARX and MATERIALISM

By VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

The Last in the Series of Four Articles by Father White on Challenges to Religion

FROM FRANCE

French View of German Rearmament

ALL of us in France are very anxious. We live at one of those moments in our history when we know we have to make a choice of capital importance.

For us the dilemma is clear. The attitude of the Allies toward Germany seems to have reached a decisive point. Germany can no longer be considered indefinitely as a defeated enemy. There has to be some way now of enabling her to contribute to the defense of that Western Europe of which she is a constituent part, geographically and spiritually.

In the present state of things—with the world divided into two blocs and a danger of war—must not this contribution first of all be military? But under what form will it operate? Would it mean the reestablishment of a national army affiliated to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or the incorporation of German elements into a European army?

But that brings on a flock of questions: what these elements would be; whether Germany would have equal rights with the other nations; what political power would direct the army? Such are the weighty problems that confront us and I am not exaggerating when I say that they cause many a sleepless night.

IF it were not for the threat which the Soviet Union holds over the free world today, there would be few Frenchmen who would permit even discussion of the idea of rearming Germany. Three years ago such an idea would have aroused a wave of general indignation. It is important for our American friends to understand the antagonism toward Germany which is so natural for us French.

Despite the errors committed by my country, Germany still bears the principal responsibility for three frightful wars within the space of seventy years, according to our view. A lack of political maturity on the part of the average German made him unequal to the task of functioning in an authentic political democracy. Then there was the caste of army officers always ready to listen to advice such as that of a Nazi leader: "Be ye birds of prey." Finally, there was the inordinate pride of the leaders of Germany once they had at hand their immense body of workers, as easy to maneuver as a Prussian regiment. All this, especially since 1918, has made Germany appear as a terrifying Gorgon in the eyes of our people.

But this fear of "the eternal Germany" never went so far as to include a desire to erase Germany from the map of Europe. On the contrary, many clear-thinking and

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conscientious Frenchmen have maintained since the Resistance and the Liberation that the errors of 1919 should not be repeated. For the peace treaties were too gentle in the terms supposed to be harsh and too harsh in those supposed to be gentle. Alas, it was not these intelligent voices who framed the war aims: the absurd "unconditional surrender," then Yalta, then Potsdam. If there exists today a German irredentism, a spirit of revenge, all the Allies without exception, including the United States, are responsible for it.

The instinctive repugnance of the French people when they hear of German rearmament can readily be understood. But the exigencies of international politics are what they are. We know right well that if a better formula is not proposed by the nations of Europe, the United States threatens us with the revival of a German national army. A heavy threat, yet one which for several months has served as a spur to a European diplomacy which is confused and slow to act.

THE Pieck-Grotewohl plan for a united and neutral Germany has not found much support in France, despite the attraction of the idea of European neutrality. You don't have to be very bright to detect a "made in the USSR" label on such a proposition. It no doubt indicates a certain Soviet uneasiness about the threat of German rearmament, and this Russian uneasiness must be considerable if she would be willing to withdraw her troops from Eastern Germany.

But the Russians count on getting back in the long run more than they would lose immediately. Unification would cause chaos in Germany. The two German States have extremely different structures and completely varying standards of living. The immediate gains would fall to the Social Democrats of Dr. Schumacher, whose ultranationalist policies would wreck the painstaking work of unifying the Continent. There would also be a danger of a growth of Communism in Germany and of a Communist *Putsch* similar to the one in Prague.

For most Frenchmen the choice is this: German national army or European army into which German units are integrated. But scarcely anyone of any political complexion will countenance a new German army.

Its dangers are obvious. The Germans, especially the refugees in Western Germany, have never admitted the Oder-Neisse frontier to be final. An independent German general staff might easily create a frontier incident with Poland or Russia and set off that World War III which the civilized world has every reason to prevent. And these generals would do this in the hope of recovering lost territories.

A rebirth of the German army would sound the tocsin of the peaceful and democratic Germany we desire and with whom we are ready to come to an understanding. We remember the relationship between the German military caste and the industrial magnates of the Ruhr when the Nazis came to power. Germany has not yet definitely banished her evil demons. Until the generation born since 1944 comes of age let us not lead her into temptation.

Can it be seriously imagined that Russia will not resist the reorganizing of an independent German army adhering to the Atlantic Pact? She cannot accept that for several reasons. First, because she has not forgotten the invasion of '41 and the German ravages on her soil. She knows that in case of war the German army, which has defeated the Russian army in frightful battles, threatens to be her chief enemy. And if she goes no further than to make some idle protests she will lose much of her prestige with her satellites, especially Poland and Czechoslovakia. If the USSR is unable to protect these two countries, which have suffered so much at Germany's hands, her presence, her dictatorship will become even more odious and unbearable.

But if the Russians do not go to war for this reason, then they never will; failure to do so will mean that they feel clearly out-distanced by Western rearmament. But then why revive the German army?

BASICALLY the whole problem is there. Is war inevitable or not? The answer lies largely in American hands. We shall never tire of repeating, we men of the West, and especially we Christians in France, that war is not inevitable, that no war is inevitable. In Soviet Russia's case that is even truer than it was in Nazi Germany's. Russia wants the fruits of war but she does not wish war itself. There is no question that she seeks to dominate the world, but through means normally used by imperialist nations.

It is always possible that one day, due to man's mistakes, the war will break out and future historians will not be able to determine the exact division of responsibility between the Americans and the Russians—and the others. But it seems clear that Stalin will never assume the role of a Hitler invading Poland or Czechoslovakia. His coups have been, and will continue to be, more artful.

And why would he go to war? Hasn't he made all his gains simply through the spread of Communist ideology, to which the West unhappily opposes only hollow phrases? We have no illusions: as long as the nations of the West refuse to undertake bold social reforms—the battle against poverty and wretched housing, improving the condition of the working classes, and the like—we shall continue to see Communism spread over the surface of the earth, depriving men of the liberties which we hold most dear.

Under these conditions and as long as there is a chance of avoiding war, as long as there is still hope of the internal collapse of the Soviet tyranny either through Stalin's death and the quarrels of his successors (or in some other way), no step must be taken that would be provocative to the USSR. As a French deputy put it recently: "This is no time to tickle the nose of the sleeping bear."

OF the three evils proposed France would prefer the least of them, the European army. But there are great difficulties here, too. A year ago M. Pleven, then

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President of the Council, proposed a plan for a European army which continues to bear his name. Essentially the idea was to create a European defense community which would give the Western World indispensable guarantees against the rebirth of German militarism.

The first of these guarantees, and of prime importance, is assured by the existence of a common armament program, a common budget and a centralized distribution of military aid received from abroad. From the military point of view national units would lose their autonomy, since they would be completely dependent for their supplies, their reinforcements and their orders on higher echelons which would be completely European.

Germany would have neither a general staff nor a full-fledged defense minister, for his essential duties—administration of commands and contingents, organization of units and their coordination, preparation of operations—would be the function of the commissioner of the European defense community.

These general dispositions were part of the plan which the Faure government sought to submit to Parliament a few weeks ago. But the rest of the Pleven plan has been so worked over during the past year that it is difficult to recognize the original. His idea was to bring in as constituent units German forces in the form of combat teams, each smaller than a regiment. But the Bonn government, with the help of American impatience, succeeded in quashing this. After amendment on amendment the exorbitant demands of Dr. Adenauer were reached, calling for an army of four hundred thousand men.

Full equality implies reconstituting the German army and German honor: liberation of the war criminals, Germany's admittance to NATO, the raising of the question of the status of the Saar and its return to Germany—a prelude to a common effort to regain the territories in the East. . . . Finally it would mean the end of all discrimination of a military or economic sort.

The deputies in Parliament did obtain from the government the following promises, however:

1. No contingents to be recruited before ratification of the treaty.
2. The Atlantic Organization being purely defensive in character must include only States with no territorial claims.
3. The integration of national contingents will be so gradual that for a time France will be able to keep the identity of her own units.
4. An appeal to be made to Britain to participate in the common defense.

IF this European army is ever to see the light of day and to be a cornerstone of the European community, it must bear the same revolutionary marks as the Schuman Plan for coal and steel. The fear is that the only Europeanization contemplated is that of the general staffs.

A truly European army would be one which would give young soldiers their formation by sending them to fulfil their military service outside of their national boundaries. Men fight well for an ideal only when they know exactly what it represents. What does Europe mean for a young peasant from Cantal or a worker from Duesseldorf? But if these soldiers come to know other countries and their inhabitants, then would there be a real *rapprochement* between people and old hereditary hatreds would disappear.

There is, let us face it, a difficult step to take. How can our ancient nations be persuaded to abandon their ancient national armies? How can public opinion become accustomed to the idea of giving them up? The advantages of a federal army would have to be tremendous and immediately visible to the naked eye.

So far as I know only one truly revolutionary plan exists in this domain. It is the brainchild of a Swiss citizen and it is beginning to attract some attention in intellectual and political circles. Its outlines are extremely simple.

IN EVERY country adhering to the European Federation the men called to arms for their military service would do so in any country whatsoever *but their own.* In the first year only ten percent of each national contingent would be sent beyond its borders. The second year twenty percent, etc. . . . until fifty percent is reached. The remaining conscripts would stay behind in their native land to serve as national police.

As far as Germany is concerned, on the basis of her entering the system as an equal but lacking an army of her own at the start, the progression would be the opposite. The first year ninety percent of the German draftees would live abroad, eighty percent the second year, and so on down to fifty percent. At that point Germany would reach equality with the other nations.

In this way the European army would be formed gradually. This system would have the advantage of not destroying the national armies which now exist and therefore permit a speedy mobilization in case of a foreign invasion. It would also provide a neat solution to the German occupation problem, and German soldiers would be invited to "occupy" the other countries.

The single general staff would be formed of officers from all countries in proportion to the number of soldiers furnished by each. The officer corps would be formed in special central European schools, depending exclusively on a single major general staff.

I have sketched very briefly the general outlines of this plan which realists will dub as utopian. But history consists of utopias that are realized. If we wish to get away from the ancient European quarrels, to escape a third World War, we must create a Europe, that is to say, seek a utopia. We want the United States to push forward the process of building this Europe with all her forces and through a truly federal army. If we see her lag in her efforts in this direction and accept the reestablishment of a Wehrmacht, then it will be a sign that America has already accepted the idea of the next war in her heart. Then there will be nothing left for us to do but to abandon ourselves to our fate.

ROBERT BARRAT.

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Dirt on the Waterfront III

IT seems to be open season for almost anybody on the New York waterfront. William J. McCormack, millionaire businessman and all-around Mr. Big, is popular game. So is Joseph P. Ryan, president-for-life of the International Longshoremen's Association, AFL. The question is: will anyone hit the target? The last few weeks it has begun to look as though somebody would.

There have been interesting twists to the war of words that the scribes, embattled behind their typewriters, have been so bravely waging. The New York *Daily News,* on January 20, ran a ten-column defense of McCormack in which he was described as "a remarkable blend of hardness and humanity" and never involved in any way with the organized underworld.

Then a few weeks later the Brooklyn *Eagle* broke out in a series of articles highlighting a new villain, one Albert (Acky) Achalitis, mastermind of the criminal "opposition," who is supposed to have been running things from a vantage point in jail, where he has spent fourteen of the last sixteen years. This man is pictured as the enemy of Ryan and McCormack. Could be.

The next thing we can expect to see is an inside-the-inside piece on "the real overlord," who will turn out to be a sweet little old lady living on a farm in northern New Hampshire and dispatching her orders to the mobs by carrier pigeon.

Collier's has done two articles which are worth attention: "Big Boss of the Big Port" (McCormack) and "A Waterfront Priest Battles the Big Port's Big Boss," by Lester Velie, in the February 9 and 16 issues respectively. I don't mean to imply that other articles are not worth your attention. If you really want to know about the waterfront, everything on the subject is worth your attention.

The waterfront is a jungle, a no-man's-land, an uncharted swamp where information is so hard to come by that almost any information is better than none. Like most communities where a careless word can cost a life, the natives are extremely close-mouthed, especially in speaking to outsiders. Truth must be arrived at by listening to everyone who will talk, reading everything, and sifting down those statements which have the weight, color and density of facts.

MANY such facts, some new, emerge from the *Collier's* articles. One illustrates how McCormack's friendship with Joe Ryan pays off for McCormack in dollars and cents. Through his Penn Stevedoring Corporation and Jersey Contracting Company, McCormack has contracts for the unloading of railroad freight cars. His freight handlers, members of Ryan's union, get $1.54 per hour. This is just 56 cents an hour less than the minimum wage of $2.10 an hour that Ryan's ILA insists that other stevedoring companies pay their longshoremen. A costly friendship for the freight handlers!

A few more facts and some comment (Father John Corridan speaking): "The ILA claims a membership of 30,000 in this area. I have totaled the per capita tax paid to the ILA out of its own financial statement, and find that the central international office is getting the per capita tax on only 12,000 men." (Supplementary fact: J. V. Lyon, chairman of the New York Shipping Association, has just reported that last year members of the Association employed 48,758 men. All of these are supposed to belong to the ILA.)

Father Corridan continues: "This could mean that officials of the locals pocket part of the dues. But it also could mean that only about half of the registered longshoremen get regular work that permits them to keep up with their union dues." It would seem to be a good deal less than half.

Mr. Lyon throws more light on this question. He says that of the 48,758 employed only 20,000 "are generally considered steady men who apparently earn their principal livelihood from the industry, working 800 or more hours in the industry each year." Eight hundred hours represents only 20 weeks work and for that, including overtime, it would be hard to make more than $2,000, so you see the definition of "steady" is not overly stringent.

A treasury of further facts has now come to light in a document which reached my desk through the courtesy of Monsignor John P. Boland. It is the final report of the Board of Inquiry on the last New York wildcat dock strike (October 15 to November 9, 1951). The Board was appointed by Governor Dewey after all other agencies had failed to get the longshoremen back to work. Members of the Board were Monsignor Boland, one of the first and most expert of the priest-experts on labor; Dean Alfange, a lawyer and former Liberal Party candidate for Governor; and as chairman, Martin P. Catherwood, head of Cornell's school of industrial relations.

In the midst of sensational accounts by imaginative scribes like myself, it is refreshing to run into something as sober and objective as this report. And yet, simply by revealing what goes on, it manages to be as sensational in spots as any of the journalists. Consider these tidbits:

Item: "One local examined (of the ILA) did not have a bank account for the past 16 years, although this local collects more than $25,000 a year in dues. . . ."

Item: "Certain locals have failed to hold elections for a period of ten years or more. . . ."

Item: "The ILA [has failed] to correct conditions whereby its officers may also be employees of that union's members. For example, when an organizer, who is also president of his local, is also an employer of ILA labor in connection with a loading business he operates, it creates the incongruous situation wherein the same man is both the employer of labor and the union representative of the labor he hires." Nice work if you can get it.

Item: "Some locals have no financial records." Not

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even a few figures scribbled on the top of a cigar box.

The Board concludes that such widespread and violent "violations of the ILA and local constitutions, as well as of good trade union practices generally . . . are undoubtedly among the causes of internal dissension and the consequent lack of confidence in the leadership of the union." Meaning Joe Ryan and his boys.

The Board found that there was much fraud in the balloting on the agreement which set off the srtike last fall. However, it did not feel that this fraud was extensive enough to make ratifications of the agreement invalid. This was a major issue of the strike and counsel for the strike committee immediately denounced the report in rather lurid language.

His language and his denunciation were both out of order. The report is an honest one; furthermore, it is loaded with dynamite for the use of anyone who really wants to clean up the ILA and the waterfront generally.

THE Board, for example, found many other abuses which were not specifically violations of ILA or local by-laws. Some of these were:

Locals outside of New York are allowed to vote on a contract which is entirely binding only in New York. After the New York contract sets the pattern in wages, the other ports in the Atlantic District negotiate their own contracts. The Board recommends that hereafter the general agreement shall go into effect only if a majority in the Port of New York vote for it. The Board also recommends specific balloting procedure which would eliminate fraud.

Although it did not hold hearings on the public loading racket, which is closely tied in with ILA policies and leadership, the Board picked up a good deal of information on it and makes it public. For example: ". . . at Boston and Philadelphia the owners or lessees of the piers provide the necessary labor for loading and unloading (trucks) whenever the shipper requests such labor. Shippers can use their own men as loaders if they so desire. Such is not the case in New York."

In New York, as the Board makes clear, almost any old mobster with gall and backing enough can walk onto a pier, pay no rent or get no license from anybody and just start holding up shippers for fabulous sums for the use of loaders whom the shipper neither needs nor wants.

On the employers' complaints that the ILA insists on veto power over the selection of hiring bosses, in violation of the contract: "That the employers in the industry are not able to exercise their prerogative of selection of such personnel is partly their own fault; they have, by and large, been complacent about conditions on the waterfront."

About employer, and ILA and public reaction to waterfront evils generally: "Substantial sectors of the shipping industry seem to the Board to condone as satisfactory, from a business standpoint, practices and abuses which cannot be justified from a moral standpoint This may be due to apathy, to fear of reprisals, or to financial advantages.

"In any event many of the conditions on the waterfront are a sad commentary, not only on the business and labor organizations which have been responsible for, or have tolerated them, but also on the governmental and community forces which have permitted them to exist."

That is putting the finger on just about everybody, which is where it belongs.

The Board makes many recommendations, all of which are sensible and sound, as far as this writer can tell from his limited knowledge of a complex problem. The ILA, incidentally, "has pledged that it will be bound by whatever recommendations the Board of Inquiry makes." And the Board continually reminds Industrial Commissioner Corsi that it wants a public report within ninety days on what has been done to put the recommendations into effect. So, along about April 22, we should all be looking for such a report from Mr. Corsi.

First of all, the Board endorsed a great many promises of good behavior made by the ILA itself. These included an investigation of all New York locals to make sure that officers are regularly elected and bonded, that meetings are regularly held, that books are kept and audited, etc. How kosher this investigation will be we can only wait and see.

The Board recommended further:

First, setting up "a permanent arbitrator for the Port of New York who would have a continuity of existence and whose decision would be final; the second will provide access by individual members of the union, as well as by individual employers, to the arbitrator." This arbitrator would deal with grievances under the longshore contract. He would be selected from a list supplied by Corsi.

To settle intra-union gripes the establishment by the ILA of a three-man fact-finding board, selected from the list of arbitrators maintained by the New York State Board of Mediation. Rank-and-file members of the ILA, or groups, or locals may appeal to this body any grievance against the ILA, or any subdivision thereof, or any ILA officer if they do not get satisfaction through the regular union channels within thirty days.

Findings of such a fact-finding board would not be binding upon the ILA executive committee. However, there is no question that the committee, which means Joe Ryan, would think more than twice before it risked the consequences of flouting recommendations of the fact-finder.

LIKE most intelligent men who have looked for more than five minutes at the New York waterfront, the Board of Inquiry recognized that "existing employment conditions and hiring practices (the shape-up) are a cause of unrest, intra-union difficulties, and unsettled labor-management relations."

Because of the complexity of the subject the Board did not make any specific recommendations on this question but left the field to the State Crime Commission, which "is now making an extensive study and investigation" of the whole shape-up problem.

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However, the Board did include in its report a twenty-seven-page supplement which reveals a lot of valuable information. *Sample*: Only 5.4% (*not* 54% *but* 5.4%) of the longshoremen employed in the Port of New York in 1949-50 "have steady work in the same sense that many factory workers do."

Sample: Dates at which other major ports got away from the shape-up and started a sensible system of hiring designed to regularize and control dock employment are: Hamburg (1906), Liverpool (1912), Seattle (1921), Los Angeles (1922), Portland, Oregon (1923), San Francisco (1934), and all the major ports of Great Britain over the past thirty years culminating in national legislation in 1946.

I believe that this report is a milestone in the history of the New York waterfront. I believe that it means a major victory for the wildcat dock strikers of last Fall who "voted with their feet," not so much against the Ryan agreement, but against Ryan himself and the whole lousy union and the whole lousy waterfront that Ryan and his friends, including William J. McCormack and assorted mobsters, have created and maintained.

I believe this is a major victory. If you don't believe it, get a copy of the report for yourself from Arthur Stark, New York State Board of Mediation, 270 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

The only thing that could sabotage the victory would be betrayal of its pledge by the ILA or negligence by Commissioner Corsi. Either would probably be fatal to the characters involved, so they do not seem likely at this moment.

Meanwhile, a short cheer for Monsignor Boland, Messrs. Catherwood and Alfange, for the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and its officers and chaplains, for the Xavier Labor School and its Jesuit directors, for Malcolm Johnson and Lester Velie and other journalists who have helped to put the heat on. Above all, cheers, for those rank-and-file longshoremen and those officers of a few decent ILA locals who have had the tremendous guts to buck the whole business down there where few of us have risked either life or limb: the jungle of the waterfront, where now at least the first signs of law and order and decency, like the first flowers of spring, are beginning to push their heads above the dirt.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

Paris '90

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER'S newest one-woman show is helped along enormously by a downright lavish production. Donald Oenslager has designed period portals complete with gaslit chandeliers, a warm and witty front curtain based upon the poster-art of the period, and innumerable props and set-pieces to fill out the stage. There is a full-size orchestra in the pit, and composer Kay Swift has provided it with a delectable score to play. By the time Miss Skinner comes on stage, in the guise of a Parisian nurse perambulating along the Champs Élysées, the warmth and gaiety of the period are fully established and the program is pretty much pre-sold.

Miss Skinner does live up to the elaborate promise of her surroundings, at least in the vitality of her command of the stage and in the breadth of her portraiture. She somehow or other covers the whole canvas of the time, making up in scope what she lacks in insight. She gives us a dash of Yvette Guilbert and the denizens of Montmartre, a quick tour of the Left Bank with its predatory exiles and its sightseeing school-teachers, and a procession of duchesses, prostitutes, and decayed aristocrats as they drive their barouches along the main stem.

The range of Miss Skinner's work is both its virtue and its fault. Because there are so many colorful images, we do feel that we are having a real whirl at a lost and enchanting Paris. The evening sparkles because it moves and keeps changing hue. But because it never comes to rest in a single deeply-felt or sharply revealing character study, we also feel that we have had a too hurried holiday and that we really ought to go back some time and find out what these people are honestly like. In attempting so much, Miss Skinner must waste valuable time on each fragment in merely clarifying the background; she wastes more time in unnecessary attempts to link them together; and she winds up a little breathless from her anxiety that we shall miss nothing.

The evening is pleasant, though. It is easy to get comfortable in the mellow world which Oenslager and Swift established and which Miss Skinner thereafter exploits with affection and with something of the wide-eyed wonder of the bona fide tourist. (*At the Booth*)

Women of Twilight

SYLVIA RAYMAN undoubtedly intended this investigation of living conditions among the unmarried mothers of London as a social treatise of sorts, but it has come out as shoddy melodrama, garish and gauche and sentimental all at once. The curtain goes up on a still-life: a grey-haired old lady nestling a baby in the half-light, for all the world like an especially bad chromo in some provincial parlor. When the lights are up full, and the play under way, we discover that the image is meant to be ironic: that the matronly lady is in fact an extortioner, that the baby is going to die at her hands, and that the background for this tender gesture is a boarding house crawling with lice. As I say, the effects are garish, and the theatrical mind behind them remarkably primitive.

Things get worse rather than better. The old crone is giving shelter to mothers who would be unacceptable anywhere else, caring for their babies in a most unsanitary way, and draining them of money at every turn. Before she is through with her various charges, she has hospitalized one infant, let another die on stage, buried a third in the back yard, and still found the energy to hurl a pregnant boarder into a steel cot in order to bring on

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miscarriage and, if possible, death. My own experience with boarding-house keepers has not been very satisfactory, either; but I have generally found them more temperate in manner and more devious in method.

The author has not been content merely to explore every conceivable tragedy of motherhood. She has also devoted an entire scene to the sufferings of a moll who must agonize on stage while her hoodlum lover is executed. And, for good measure, she has thrown in an idiot serving-girl who spends part of the time crawling on the floor, sobbing and beating her fists. In fact, unless the whole thing has gone to my head, I seem to remember *two* girls crawling and sobbing within seconds of one another in the same limited floor space. But I may be exaggerating. (*At the Plymouth*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

Major and Minor

WHAT makes *"Shadows in the Sky"* such a surprise is that all the people in it are such darn nice people —like your friends or neighbors—and there are no villains messing up the plot. The principal problem confronting a happily married couple (played by James Whitmore and Nancy Davis) along with taxes and finances and raising their little boy and girl, is what to do about Nancy's brother, who is a psychoneurotic in a Veterans' hospital. Actually this poor guy (expertly portrayed by Ralph Meeker) has finished his psychiatric treatments and is ready for release—but he has no place to go. We saw his plight when he had a twelve-hour pass that he didn't know how to use. And James saw his brother-in-law, who is also an old friend, at his worst when he visited him at the hospital during a rainstorm which drove the frightened patient into hiding under the table. The doctor (Eduard Franz) makes it clear that Ralph's attacks may recur, but what Ralph really needs at this stage is affection and outside interests.

James and Nancy begin to feel like heels for not taking in the brother who needs them. Nancy insists that this might endanger the children; but, goaded by conscience and by her husband, who practically demands that they give Ralph a home, she relents. Then an atmosphere of fear settles over the household. Although neither James nor Nancy likes the girl (Jean Hagen) with whom Ralph goes out they agree they *will* like her because he does. Whenever a rainstorm threatens, Nancy hurries home to be near the children. By the time the expected crack-up comes, you have become so engrossed in these people that you almost overlook the film's too fast and pat solution.

The script, written by Ben Maddow from a story by Edward Newhouse, is excellent; Fred M. Wilcox has directed it intelligently and with a warm feeling for the problems involved. In spite of the hasty conclusion in which Ralph tests and proves himself, "Shadow in the Sky" emphasizes that the curing of mental illness is a long and complicated process and there is no simple rule for the supposedly cured patient to follow. The scene at the finish of the dance at the hospital with the male patients saying (or looking) good-bye to the girls who came to dance with them is cinema at its best. In fact all of "Shadow in the Sky" will be of interest to moviegoers who prefer reality and understanding to glamor in films.

WHILE my enthusiasm for *"The Big Night"* is not so great, this is still an interesting film and one well off the beaten path. The story concerns a seventeen-year-old who sees his saloon-keeper father submit to a brutal beating, and then the humiliated boy sets out on a big night of vengeance. The movie's faults stem mainly from the efforts of Producer Philip A. Waxman and Director Joseph Losey to make something so far off the beaten path that they stumble from time to time into arty pitfalls of psychological and sexy involvements from which they cannot withdraw.

The casting of John Barrymore, Jr., as the confused young man is excellent; his somewhat weak, handsome face and immaturity are just right for the role. Also effective are Preston Foster as the husky saloon-keeper who takes the caning without a whimper and proves himself in the big climax which works out the father-son conflicts; and Joan Lorring as a young girl who tries to help the disillusioned boy by making him understand that using a gun won't make him happier or safer or older. Philip Bourneuf struggles valiantly with a role of an acquaintance who also tries to help without getting involved, but it isn't Bourneuf's fault that this characterization comes through so poorly. Too often the script, which Director Losey wrote with Stanley Ellin from Ellin's novel, *Dreadful Summit,* gets tangled in a curious mixture of high-brow-ism and violence. As a result the picture is uneven: at times it is realistically and unpleasantly sordid and its situations seem forced. Director Losey, however, does get the effect he's after when he wants to create an atmosphere of aggression that overwhelms the boy or the unhealthy bleariness of the night club that sidetracks him from his vengeful mission. Whatever else it may be, "The Big Night" is not dull.

IT is interesting that Joan Crawford, one of the defenders of the love-making of middle-aged American male movie stars (Gable, Tracy, Bogart, Boyer, Cooper, *et al*) who were slurred by an Italian actress, should be teamed up in her new opus with young men who are definitely her junior. *"This Woman Is Dangerous"* is a typical Crawford melodrama which gives this glamorous star a chance to eat her cake and have it too.

As the leader of a big-stuff hold-up gang, our Joan wears snappy clothes and puts on high-society airs in a fashionable gambling casino while preparing the way for her cohorts who pull off the job. As a model patient in an Indiana hospital where she undergoes a tricky eye operation, Joan wears simpler outfits and exhibits a softer disposition not known to her gangster friends. The gang-

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ster Joan is in love with is David Brian, a handsome brute who doesn't trust this dangerous woman out of his sight—but unfortunately for him, he has to remain in hiding after the stick-up. Then Joan falls in love with Dennis Morgan, the big, handsome eye-specialist who saved her sight and loves her in spite of the fact that he knows there's something strange about her background. (Before this preposterous drama runs its course, you see Miss Crawford in a full gamut of costumes, including a stunning outfit suitable for the kitchen and another appropriate for wearing when assisting at an emergency operating table.) Joan successfully keeps her boys apart until the big scene in which one of them crashes through the windows in the amphitheater of the operating room. You never saw so much broken glass.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Communications

"Southern Parish"

New Orleans, La.

TO THE Editors: Before all the tumult and the shouting dies, I trust you will allow me, in my capacity as one of the Committee, to throw just a small cupful of gasoline upon the dying embers of the *Southern Parish* case. A highlighted feature of the shouting was the article by the Rev. 'Paul Courtney' in your Nov. 30 issue. When a writer sets out to prove a point, misrepresentations and fabrications out of whole cloth are not exactly "cricket." His article, painting a picture of the "suppression" as much distorted as Vol. I itself, is a trick mirror for a sociological reflection of "St. Mary's," the Southern parish. A few simple facts form the basis of these two conclusions.

Rev. Courtney stated that "the Ordinary of the Diocese—because of failing eyesight—was not able to give it (the book) the careful study that he undoubtedly felt it deserved." He painted the Committee as three "overly sensitive" priests, incompetent to judge a treatise on sociological research; the pastor involved is described as alarmed at the "pernicious anemia" indicated by the diagnosis of his parish. He quoted Father H. A. Reinhold in *Books on Trial,* in a tribute describing the book as "a bombshell, gently laid down in the midst of smug Catholicism."

With due respect to this versatile writer, I submit that his description approaches the truth only in the measure in which the book is factual and not fictional. To him I say, "I was here for forty years." The "suppression" was never a question of "overly sensitive" personalities, but of the contents of the book itself, melted in the crucible of truth and judged by a wise and fair minded Archbishop to be "not a realistic picture of any Southern Parish."

The Archbishop of New Orleans had his finger on the case from start to finish. The condition of his eyesight is not his major concern. Time has never slackened his pace. His amazingly perennial energy is an earnest of a man who will eventually be "smiting for shelter on the clanged bars of eternity" with his boots on. Always, however, he manifests incomparable magnanimity in all cases of errancy. Long before any Committee was called in, he had the typescript read to him and he was very much concerned. He, indeed, wrote a letter of commendation to Father Fichter, as reported by Rev. Courtney, who failed to mention that the commendation was for the sustained efforts in the project, but with the additional pertinent, laconic warning, *"Cui bono?"* He summoned the Jesuit Provincial, Very Rev. A. Crandall, S.J., who could not appear because of a previous out of town commitment. The Provincial appointed the Rev. Thomas J. Shields, S.J., President of Loyola, to represent him in the case. The pastor of St. Mary's was surprised to learn that copies of Vol. I had already been channeled to the Bishops of the country and to interested reviewers. The Ordinary had taken it for granted that he had seen the typescript. As long ago as November 1947, Father Fichter had promised the pastor not to publish a word without his consent. The pastor did not refuse to meet with him as reported by Rev. Courtney. He had never been offered the typescript for review. He had yet to see the book.

The Ordinary suggested that both Father Shields and the pastor should write briefs, pro and con, not only as to subsequent publications, but even relative to discretion in further circulation of Vol. I itself. Then, in justice to all concerned, he offered to appoint a Committee of three priests, acceptable to both sides, to examine the book and their briefs, and offer their opinion. At least two names were rejected by the Ordinary himself for practical reasons. One resided too far from New Orleans and the other was involved in an important Diocesan activity. The final selection was agreed upon both by Father Shields and the pastor of "St. Mary's." Only then were we made aware of the brew that was boiling.

Important to note is that all three members of this Committee have had extensive experience in parochial administration in addition to their administrative diocesan offices, while the author of the book, to our knowledge, has had no such parochial experience to his credit. With the exception of occasional substitution for Sunday Masses, he has been exclusively engaged in teaching. This may explain in no small degree his evident lack of prudence and misunderstanding, evidenced in various sections of his publication.

All three members of the Committee are synodal judges. One has been on the Vigilance Committee of the Diocese since 1936. He also taught Sociology in the Seminary for two years. The opinions of the Committee were not pointed so much at the scientific sociological qualities of the book, as towards the many errors and indiscretions and misrepresentations in fact. There was never any anemia and smug Catholicism at "St. Mary's." The background in the book is misleading. We examined both the book and the briefs. Our unanimous verdict was embodied in a suggestion to the Ordinary that if Vol. I is further circulated, it would seem reasonable and just that a public statement of the findings of the Committe should be published in both the Catholic and secular press. Father

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Shields agreed that this was a reasonable suggestion. If the report sounded like "last week's bingo," as Rev. Courtney contended, that is a compliment to the Committee, because it was a review of the contents of the book apart from all personalizations. Dr. Paul Hanly Furfey summed up the scientific quality of the work when he wrote: "All available evidence shows that dynamics of a city church must be rated very low on a scale of scientific quality." Father Fichter was dissatisfied with the Committee personnel. So others of unquestionable authority were called into the case, and only then were the subsequent volumes "suppressed."

"St. Mary's" is an extremely extraordinary parish. Some of its background could never be duplicated in any other parish in America. As recent as a generation ago, there was only one parish, where today there are *twelve* parishes!

In more than fifty years the parish has had only two pastors. Its territory was so vast that the first of these pastors, ofttimes with only one assistant (1898-1933), in order to keep abreast of the mushrooming population, built new chapels all over the place. They eventuated into new parishes. At least three of these were again subdivided, two as late as 1947 and the last one in 1950. One of the parishes, established forty years ago, is still in the present boundaries of "St. Mary's." It is staffed by the Josephite Fathers for the Negroes on the original site of the mother Church. There are now ten parochial schools in these twelve parishes with an attendance of 6,234 pupils. Of this number, 1,192 are in the present boundaries of "St. Mary's," 430 in the Josephite school and 762 at "St. Mary's." My source is the *Catholic Directory* for 1952 and the kinetics of an adding machine. This is certainly not a picture of smug Catholicism.

Nor is the present pastor (1933-), a man who deplores "the revelation that his daughter is suffering from pernicious anemia." I can give only brief, selective background. With the cooperation of his parishioners, he wiped out a debt of $174,000; he established a *free* parochial school; "St. Mary's" donated over a period of thirty months $99,000 in cash towards a $3,000,000 Archdiocesan Youth Progress Program; a penthouse Convent was built atop the school at a cost of $220,000. As of today, the debts are less than $30,000. If these financial statistics do not pertain to the dynamics of a parish, let us at least say that they contradict Father Fichter's statement (p. 15), "Except in instances of purely public worship it can be safely said that all the lay parishioners never act together as a group."

To those who are determined to defend the significance of this kind of sociological research, I would pose the question, "Is it necessary for sociologists to build upon empirics evidently grossly distorted by a few overly zealous students in an under-graduate school of Sociology?"

(Rt. Rev. Msgr.) FRANCIS J. BAECHLE.

We are publishing this letter from Monsignor Baechle in fulfillment of an agreement to present his and the Committee's side of the "Southern Parish" controversy. With its publication the controversy, in the pages of THE COMMONWEAL, *is closed.*—THE EDITORS.

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by F. R. Hoare

The gentleman above obviously had already read the Eight Books, in the original languages, no doubt, but we venture to guess that most people reading this ad will find one or two with which they are not entirely familiar. Here they are:

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Books

Hold Back the Night. Pat Frank. J. B. Lippincott. $3.

IN his latest novel, Pat Frank has departed from the satire which characterized *Mr. Adam* and *An Affair of State* and has attempted a realistic development of a theme as current as today's headline—the war in Korea.

This is the story of Dog Company, a Marine unit, whose mission it was to cover the retreat of an American regiment from the Changjin reservoir to Hungnam on the Korean coast.

Except for Lieutenant Sellers, who exposes himself to extreme frost-bite in order to escape from the situation, the bitter retreat brings out the best in the men of the company: Captain Mackenzie, intelligent and compassionate in the face of impending death; Tinker, the young boy who enlisted to escape from the family; Elkland, the efficient, reliable sergeant who enlisted to save the world; Couzens, who suffers horribly because he believes he has given comfort to the enemy when he was captured and interrogated; and Beany Smith, who joined up because the judge gave him a choice of that or ninety days in jail.

Of the one hundred twenty six at the start of the mission, fourteen reach the coast, and although the men are confused by the situation which has brought them to Korea, bewildered by the seeming lack of war strategy, and tense at the thought of the enemy hordes close behind them, their experiences bring to the fore none of the obscenities and negations so common in other war novels. Mr. Frank's men are heroic and possesses an unwavering faith.

In certain respects the novel is weak. The characters, for the most part, are superficially drawn. They lack depth. The brief glimpses into their past lives which the author gives us are not revealing enough to complete the picture of men we would like to know more about. Also, while we have a skilful picture of war, it is not necessarily the Korean war. Although Mr. Frank has made excellent use of the material available on Korea, the stench, the bleakness and the emptiness peculiar to that country can only be fully realized after first-hand experience.

Despite these limitations, the novel is worthwhile. If the author's intention, as he seems to indicate, was to paint a glowing tribute to American fighting men, he has succeeded admirably.

JEROME SMILEY.

Satan. Sheed and Ward. $5.50.

WHAT is voodoo on, and voudoun off, our southeastern coast? Is the center of American demonolatory actually in Detroit? What of the devil in Melville, especially in *Moby Dick* and in *The Confidence Man?* What of witchcraft in the colonies, and what of the Math-

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ers? Are we to look for Satan in Mexican revolutionary art, in American jazz, in American spiritualistic seances, in orgiastic revivalism?

It will be fairly useless to go to the Sheed and Ward volume on Satan for light on these questions, for treatment of the subject in recent centuries is pretty well confined there to the devil in France—where, it is to be feared, many people are already persuaded he belongs.

Otherwise, however, this treatment of Satan is a fairly comprehensive though not a systematic one. Based on a volume of essays edited by Father Bruno of Jesus Mary of the Discalced Carmelites, *Satan* offers thirty-three papers, by as many authors, on the devil in Revelation, in life, and in art. One of the two dust jackets ("Satan Self-Bestialized" by artist C. Van Roemburg)—you may choose a less graphic cover if you wish—seems easily the most remarkable ever used by a publisher, but in no way more remarkable than in contrast with the grave scholarship of the Jesuit theologians and other experts whose essays make up the first third, the most competent part of the book. Within the book the illustrations will, and more than one of the papers may, remind readers vividly of Hearstian Sunday-supplement material.

"Exorcism and Diabolical Manifestation," by F. X. Maquart, with its insistence on the distinction between the essential supernatural (exclusively the object of faith) and the marvelous supernatural (always the object of science) seems one of the best chapters. T. A. Birrell has a satisfactorily amusing treatment of Milton's Satan but leaves the curious impression that he has not read all of Blake.

Criticism of various kinds will greet the book: for instance, the argument for the need of such a volume will get the same mixed reception as the argument for disseminating knowledge of venereal diseases; and perhaps the time and effort would be better spent on some other tract in theology. Again, the paper by A. Lefèvre, S.J., has two statements about the Scriptures that ought at least to have been differently presented. Again, the book lacks an in-

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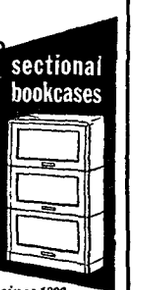

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Spring Issues

The Commonweal plans an unusually varied and interesting series of features during the coming season—including the Education and Spring Book numbers.

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dex and a bibliography.

In a few chapters Satan gets rather lost. Still more disappointing, none of the writers sufficiently exploits two rich sources: the temptation in the desert, and the career of that son of perdition, Judas. Too, one might have admitted that the devil in literature—in Dante, Milton, Blake, Balzac, Hugo, Baudelaire, Dostoievski, Huysmans, Valéry, Gide and Bernanos—undergoes to some degree the Aristotelian poetic catharsis; he probably lurks more rawly in the pornography and materialism of the newsstand. Finally, Father Bruno's last words—an appeal to Catherine Emmerich's "revelation" that Satan was to be unbound fifty or sixty years before the year 2000—do nothing to enhance the theological objectivity of the earlier chapters.

The sober facts that come out of the book are these: not all temptations are from the devil, but he may be (always invisibly) behind any of them. Manifestations of the devil that human beings can experience are extremely rare and call for expert diagnosis. The demons were created good and became evil through their own fault. And the devil as presented in Christian doctrine is not, and not an evolution of, any evil spirit of popular superstition or of false religions or philosophical systems.

WILLIAM J. KERRIGAN.

Grandma Moses: My Life's History. Harper. $3.50.

HOW well painters write! It is a subject for salutary mortification to all professional writers that when painters wield pen, they do so with such dexterity, witness Joshua Reynold's *Discourses,* Eugene Delacroix's *Diaries,* and Vincent van Gogh's letters. And, in this year, when the greatest writer among all painters, Leonardo da Vinci, is being universally remembered, a modest American farmer's wife has produced a brief autobiography that, in its way, is as moving and as valid as Benjamin Franklin's or Henry Adams'.

Seldom has anyone been able to portray goodness and purity in so satisfactory and unsentimental a fashion. Grandma Moses, America's foremost living primitive painter, is now ninety-two; she began to paint only when she was nearly eighty. But all her life has been crowded as her canvas with gay, lively, bright doings: her life has been rich and nourishing and she has enjoyed it, and will enjoy it to the last crumb.

Born on a farm in Washington County, New York State, in 1860, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, one of a family of ten, she spent the first twelve years of her life "free from care or worry . . . rocking sister's cradle, taking sewing lessons from mother . . . making rafts to float over the mill pond, roaming the wild woods, gathering flowers and building air-castles."

On either side her people were artisans or farmers, wagon makers, millers. All had made good lives and livings here. She writes of her siblings that "we came in bunches, like radishes." Already at three she was catching little birds in her apron and wondering at their prettiness, and at five was laughed at for her "lambscapes." She and her next brother Arthur "sympathized" with each other about how pretty the spring was: almost as pretty as heaven, said he and when he got there he would want lots of good things to eat. Anna Mary said she would want only lots of flowers. He got there first, and death was accepted in the same way as life: "I lost two brothers and a sister in six years. Mother was very matter of fact; she said as you are born you must die and father took it that way too."

The hard years began when Anna Mary was twelve. She was sent to earn her living as a hired girl, to a childless couple who loved and treated her as their own daughter. But she had to cook three meals a day, sew hard calico dresses, weed and hoe the flower garden beds. "I also had the washing, ironing and churning to do." And some schooling . . .

When her employer's wife died, she went to another, and there became friendly with the hired man, Thomas Salmon Moses. He "had always been on a farm. He just loved to work . . . as time rolled on, we became engaged. He said he would never leave

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me, and I don't think he has." They married in 1897; he died, suddenly, in 1927. He and Anna Mary had ten children, and raised five. They went South after their marriage, and prospered, coming back to Eagle Bridge to buy their own farm because Thomas was homesick, though for Anna Mary the Shenandoah Valley is still the loveliest place on earth.

Their ideally happy marriage was always a partnership: Anna Mary couldn't abide for Thomas to give her money: she earned it, by selling print butter, or potato chips, as "just like climbing the house in my childhood days, I always wanted to be the big toad."

After Thomas' death, she took to painting: her sister Celestia had said "I think you could paint better and faster than you could do worsted pictures." "So I did," writes Grandma Moses, "and painted for pleasure, to keep busy and to pass the time away, but I thought no more of it than of doing fancy work." Yet she knew exactly how to do it.

First she gets the frame; "I always thought it a good idea to build the sty before getting the pig, likewise with young men, get the home before the wedding." And she always paints "something pleasing and cheerful. I like bright color and activity." She says of her method: "When I paint, I study and study the outside lots of times. Often I get at a loss to know just what shade of green, and there are a hundred trees that have each three or four shades of green in them." But she works all she can on a picture, then leaves it ten days, then comes back to it. And "life is what we make it, always has been always will be." There are sixteen excellent illustrations of Grandma Moses' pictures.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

REVIEWERS

Jerome Smiley served with the occupation troops in Korea after World War II.

Rev. William J. Kerrigan, who teaches at Ottumwa Heights College in Iowa, is an active member of the Catholic Art Association.

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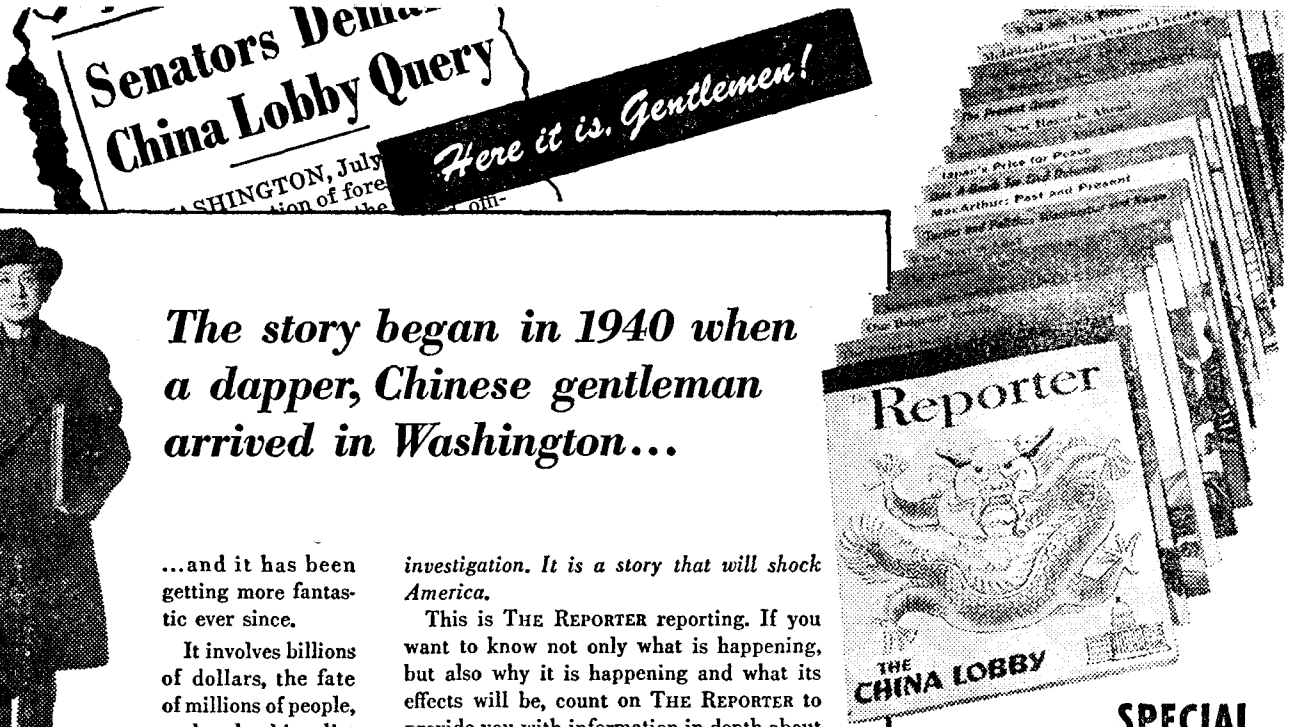

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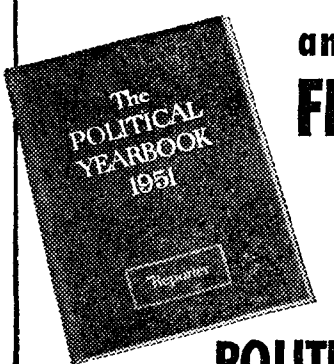

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